

# From the Persian Poem of Hatifi, in the Measure of the Original

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,  
Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consum'd.  
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd:  
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.  
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,  
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.  
Together on flowery seats they repos'd:  
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd.  
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart:  
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

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